

# You Can Build a Ship Bigger Than Olympic, But You Can't Build a Bigger Brain to Run It

**Capt. Haddock Undergoes  
Five-Day Ordeal Which  
Would Wreck Most  
Men's Nerves.**

**Five Years Is the Outside  
Limit That Human En-  
durance Can Resist  
Such Strain.**

**W**HAT capacity for extraordi-  
nary labor and for infinite  
attention to detail does the  
mind of man possess?

For answer consider the mind, in  
action, of Capt. Herbert James Had-  
dock, commander of the White Star  
liner Olympic. Capt. Haddock is  
chosen as an example because he is  
credited with being at the top of his  
profession. The ship he commands  
is at present the greatest thing afloat  
—just this week she came to New  
York after the marine architects had  
imposed upon her the last word of  
perfection in safety.

What is the task of this single in-  
telligence, the mind of the Olympic's  
commander, between pier and pier—  
North River and the Mersey? Learn  
that and you will know to what  
limits the mind of man may go in  
defeating, high-pressure effort. Not  
once mankind out the first strug-  
gle from the trunk of a tree, thus  
first applying the laws of mechanics  
to all human existence, has a single  
individual been called upon to master  
the detail of so complex a mechanism  
as the Olympic.

The illustration, creative of the new  
Westworth Building standing against  
the law of gravity, indicates  
that this 10-story structure of steel  
and terra-cotta stands erect only through the  
operation of cunning and complex ma-  
chinery whose only office was to keep  
it from toppling to the street. But your  
imagination run a little further and  
enrich in control of this "pyrami-  
dical" machinery can discover  
that up where the lives of the whole  
city full of people on the fifty-one floors  
and the existence of the mammoth  
building itself depended.

**IF ONE SHOULD "STRAIN"**  
**THE WOOLWORTH.**

Just that this "straining" of the  
Westworth Building—the epitome of its  
perpendicularity—on the little human  
lateral at the very tip of the tower for  
five days on end, with when from every  
vital spot in the whole great pile regis-  
tering on dials the minute by minute  
fight against the down-pull of gravity,  
with hand signals ready to give word  
to the engine room three floors below  
the level of Broadway upon the first  
appearance of danger, with the con-  
stant thought of what he would do to  
save the lives of the thousands in the  
building in case he saw that its crash  
to the street was inevitable.

Perhaps this mad fancy will help you  
to an appreciation of the real work of  
the commander of the Olympic, more  
than 110 feet longer than the Woolworth  
Building, has to do on every trip across  
the ocean lanes. His best is a Wool-  
worth Building on end, which not only  
has to be kept afloat but propelled at  
express speed through darkness and  
light, storm and fog, between a pier in  
North River and another pier at Liver-  
pool.

Five years, they say, is the limit of  
endurance for a man who commands  
one of the mammoths of the ocean.  
Five years is the accepted limit of re-  
sponsibility for the engineer of a Twen-  
tieth Century steamship. And \$5,000  
is the top notch of salary for the com-  
manders of Atlantic ships.

Ship architects and ship builders say  
for the guide that the limit to the build-  
ing of great ships is about reached be-  
cause of the problems of docking, fuel-  
tion. They whisper secretly among  
themselves that the real limit of lev-  
athan construction is the limit of the  
commander's mental capacity and en-  
durance, and that has been reached.

**THE BRAINS OF THE WHOLE  
SHIP IS THE BRIDGE.**

In other words, no human being,  
possessing the limitations even of an  
extraordinary mentality, can be trusted  
to bear a greater burden of nervous  
strain than does the commander of the  
tallest ship now afloat. The terrible  
break-down of one human mechanism of  
direction will soon be marked by the  
first anniversary of the disaster to the  
Olympic's sister ship, the Titanic. So it  
is not the falling of human ingenuity to  
build ships bigger than the Olympic  
of the Imperator, soon to make her maiden  
voyage that will bar the way to  
greater ships; it will be the impossibility  
of human skill to navigate them.

Capt. Haddock sleeps during the five  
days of the Olympic's crossing with  
both eyes open. This is almost literally  
true. He dare not sleep, even though  
his inferior officers would not hold their  
positions if they were not considered  
worthy to be almost commanders. All  
responsibility for the ship that costs  
many millions, and for the 1,500 and  
more passengers and crew the Olympic  
is capable of carrying rests solely on  
the directing intelligence of this one man  
at all hours between piers.

This bridge is the brain of the ship.  
Upon that platform, high above the wash  
of even mountainous seas, are collected



CAPT. H. J. HADDOCK

All the sensory nerves of this vast me-  
chanism of steel. There are dials telling  
of a sixth segment of a circle the num-  
ber of revolutions the great screws are  
making. There are telephones and  
speaking tubes from the engine rooms,  
stoke holes and boiler rooms. The com-  
mander on his bridge knows each minute  
of the day and night whether the  
marvelous co-ordination of human in-  
telligence and steel machinery—the al-  
liance which makes the ship stay on top  
of the ocean and speed from shore to  
shore—is working as it should.

Consider, now, how the mind of the  
commander must operate in a crisis—  
and he knows not what minute of the  
voyage he may have to face a crisis.  
It is a foggy night. Suddenly dark  
clouds are sweeping from the sky.  
This something may be another  
ship, a derelict or an iceberg. It may  
be but 50 or 100 yards away, a distance  
the Olympic would cover in a few sec-  
onds. That is where the human equa-  
tion enters into the mechanism of a  
liner. Like lightning the commander is  
moving.

**SAFEST SHIP AND MOST CARE-  
FUL COMMANDER.**

He must decide whether to bring his  
ship to a full stop or cut her down to  
headway speed. He must decide whether  
to pass to starboard or port of the  
something. He decides quicker than you  
can snap a finger. The telegraph flashes  
in the engine room the orders to shut  
down the engines and reverse. At the  
same moment the whistle is pulled, sig-  
nifying that the ship will pass to port  
or starboard. Then the strain screams  
in the engine room the orders to shut  
down the engines and reverse. At the  
same moment the whistle is pulled, sig-  
nifying that the ship will pass to port  
or starboard. And then heaven alone can  
decide the rest.

The powerful engines of the Olympic  
cannot be shut down instantly. Were  
that done they would tear themselves  
from their beds. They must be closed  
down gradually, and then the reverse is  
applied as gradually. And finally the  
big ship comes to a full stop. And all  
this time the master mind on the wind  
swept bridge has a real realization of  
the fact that down below are almost  
four thousand lives dependent upon his  
skill as a navigator. And next he  
realizes that he is the responsible guar-  
dian for millions of dollars' worth of ship  
and cargo. The thought of such respon-  
sibility, to men who know, gives them  
the spinal shivers.

When the mighty Olympic left the  
port of New York to-day she sailed the  
safest ship afloat and under the guid-  
ance of the most careful commander on  
the seven seas. All that human skill  
can do to make the Olympic safe has  
been done. For four months she was in  
the hands of her builders and at a cost  
of \$1,000,000 she was given a double hull  
and equipped with lifeboats capable of  
holding all her passengers and crew and  
with davits to lower them safe from the  
ship in the event of an accident.

**A MIGHTY JOB OF SHIP-SURGERY**

The Olympic is now a ship within a  
ship, and to make her so she was sub-  
mitted to the greatest piece of surgery  
ever performed. This inner ship is a  
great water-tight compartment so sub-  
divided by bulkheads that it would ap-  
pear impossible to sink her, no matter  
how great a hole might be torn in the  
outer shell. The greatest menace to the  
navigation is icebergs, and next, derel-  
icts. It was an iceberg that sent the  
mighty Titanic to her doom, an iceberg  
that ripped her bottom open as a fish-  
monger rips a fish. But there need be  
no fear of such a catastrophe overtak-  
ing the improved Olympic. The sur-  
geons attended to that. When the  
Olympic came from the operating room  
she had a new skin grafted, not on the  
outside, for that is an everyday opera-  
tion, but in the inside. From bow to  
stern on either side and from her  
double bottom to a distance of seven  
feet above the water line this inner  
skin was grafted. Between the inner skin  
and the outer skin and extending  
across the entire ship are thick steel  
bulkheads. The result of the double  
skin and the bulkheads is to produce  
over 150 water-tight compartments,  
making it impossible for the big ship to

**At \$5,000 a Year, or Less,  
He Assumes Responsi-  
bility Over Thousands  
of Lives and Millions in  
Money.**

**To Guide a Mighty Ship  
at Top Speed by Night  
and Day Is the Most  
Nerve-Shattering of  
Professions.**

The Olympic, sister ship to  
the Titanic, sails to-day from  
New York.  
One year ago Monday  
(April 14, 1911), the Titanic,  
on her maiden trip from  
Liverpool, ran into an iceberg  
and was sunk. The collision  
occurred at about 10:30 P. M.  
Four hours later the dis-  
tress signal was sent.  
Of her 2,200 passen-  
gers, 1,500 were lost. The  
Corvette, summoned by wire-  
less, at daybreak next morn-  
ing, picked up twenty boat-  
loads of survivors—705 in all.

increased from 4,500 to 4,500 tons gross  
register.

Captain Haddock knows the Atlantic  
as a chess player knows his board.

Ocean lanes for eastbound and west-  
bound steamships were established by  
agreement between the steamship  
interests to avoid collisions between  
ships travelling in opposite directions.  
These lanes are also intended to keep  
the steamships away from the iceberg  
zone and away from hidden rocks. The  
lane followed or prescribed for liners,  
is in the form of an oblique line. The  
course is generally followed, but many  
captains do not vary from their course  
but a few miles, but Captain Haddock  
never deviates from his prescribed  
course one quarter-mile. His top for a  
trip is simply a repetition of the trip  
previous as far as his position on the  
chart are concerned. No matter how  
late he may be leaving the port of New  
York or Southampton the commander of  
the Olympic travels the same lane, and  
when he reaches the ocean turn the  
passengers on deck can feel and see  
the mighty ship putting about. The ship  
takes the turn as a West Pointer might  
turn on heel and toe to the right or  
left.

## New York Has Found A New Place to Spoon

**The Riverside Drive Bus-Tops Are a Paradise for the  
Lovelorn.**

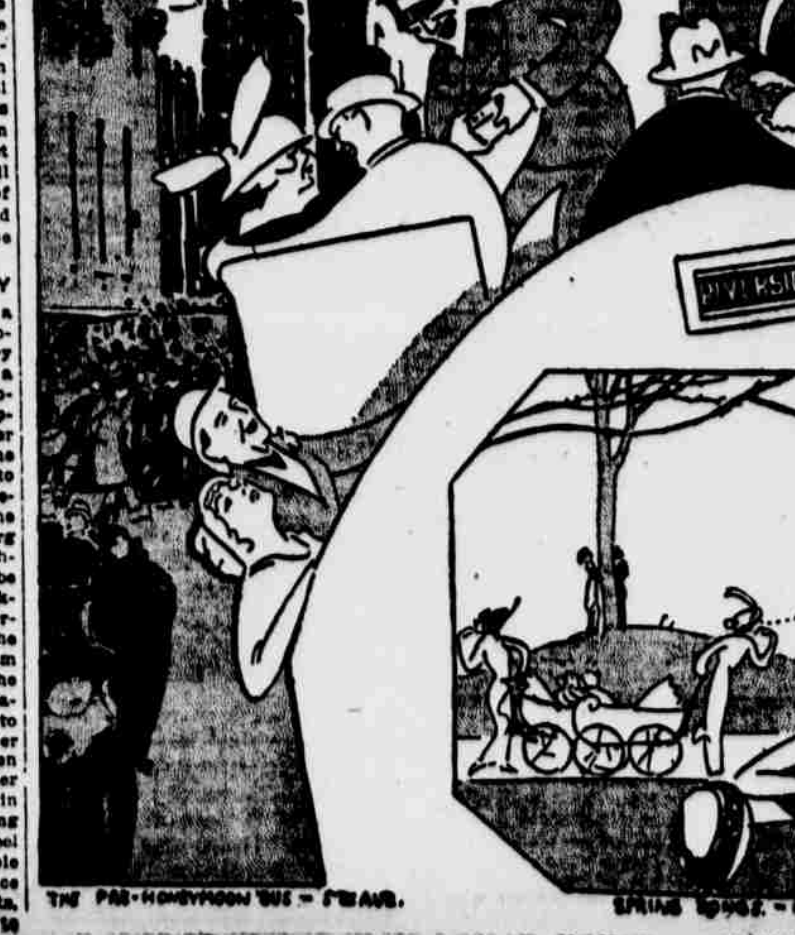
**Everybody's Doing It, and There Are Queer Rules  
to the Game.**

"In spring a young man's fancy  
lightly turns to thoughts of love," it  
is said! That's all very well, but  
why put it all down to the young  
man? It seems to me that the young  
girl's fancy also turns in the same  
direction, and not so lightly, either;  
in fact, for her it's rather a  
weighty proposition in these days of  
moral reforms, minimum wages and  
Gaynorisms.

Anyway, wherever I go just about  
now I find that both "fancies" seem  
to be meeting half-way, and there  
they come to a hugging full stop!  
You certainly seem to be a beauti-  
fully tolerant town for lovers, dear  
New York! Your young people seem  
to have no scruples in conducting  
their open-air billing and cooing in  
every nook and corner from Fifth  
avenue to the Ghetto, from Riverside  
Drive to the Bronx.

Everybody's doing it!

From the immaculate boy with the  
high waist line and a scooped-in tummy,  
who looks like a little angel, to the  
immense outside Tiffany's and lingerie  
shop on the curb for a hand  
clasp that ought to last only a quarter  
of a second, to plain Tom Jenkins, who  
treats his Mamie to a dime's worth  
on the Riverside bus and a million dol-  
lars' worth of cuddling.



THE PRE-HONEYMOON BUS - FRANK.

SPRING RIDER - CENTRAL PAIN.

## "Making Up" With Stage Stars—VI. LINA ABARBANEL

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LINA ABARBANEL, playing in  
"The Gaiety," has two vastly  
different "makeups." One of an  
English girl and one of a Jap.  
Her English "makeup" is very light,  
dainty and pretty. Starting with a thin  
coat of white grease paint, she puts a  
lot of rouge on each cheek and then  
simply accentuates her eyes pleasant  
features. A touch of cosmetic next goes  
on her eyelids, lashes and brows, some  
deep rose rouge on her mouth, and she  
ends by arranging her hair in a very  
simple, close fitting, becoming fashion.

"I never use a heavy makeup," she  
declines to say, "because I think it de-  
stroys the expression. The smile and  
frown—in fact, every expression is hid-  
den if one covers the face with thick  
coatings of powder and cosmetic. One  
may look very pretty, but with the pre-  
tenses of a china doll. The face cannot  
show animation of any sort."  
There was a tap on her dressing room  
door and Miss Abarbanel tripped on the  
stage to play Molly Seamon.

But before half the first act was over  
she came flying back to put on a Japa-  
nese "makeup" in order to spy on her  
stage lover.

Half of each eyebrow was swept away  
by a streak of white grease paint. The  
mouth was painted out by the same  
process. Then with a huge powder puff  
she touched her face. And a huge white

cloud spoiled the beautiful "English  
blush."

"You know those Japanese who have  
not yellow, sallow complexions have  
pure white eyes," explained Miss Abar-  
banel as she heated black cosmetic and  
made long, slanting streaks in the cor-  
ners of each eye and replaced the halves  
of her eyebrows which had been painted  
out. Only this time the brows slanted  
up instead of down, thereby changing  
the expression and contour of her eyes  
entirely, making them essentially Japa-  
nese almond-shaped arches.

Using an orange stick, Miss Abarba-  
nel put a short heavy line of powder in  
the middle of her upper lip. Then with  
the third finger she placed two round  
spots of vermilion colored rouge on the  
same lip and one spot on the lower lip,

making a teeny-weeny little mouth of  
the sort supposedly considered beautiful  
in Japan.

She then placed a shiny jet black wig  
upon her head and proceeded to arrange  
it according to Japanese fashion. She  
parted it in the middle and formed  
scallop on the cheeks and forehead not  
unlike the war our fashion-loving ladies  
are combing their tresses this season,  
except for the large, sleek roll or puff  
laid across the top of the head. Her  
color was like that of the fairy tale:

"Hair black as ebony, skin white as  
snow and lips red as blood."  
The "makeup" was perfect, and when  
she put on a light blue kimono (straight  
from Japan) and an ancient black am-  
broisier coat you would never have  
known her for the same girl that just

breathed in wearing a coquettish bonnet,  
pale colored gown and English com-  
pensation. She looked (and said she felt)  
as if she were really a native of the  
Flowery Kingdom.

She snatched up an armful of cherry  
blossoms and buried her face in them,  
closing her eyes for a moment. And in  
that moment, she said, she really lived  
in Japan and enjoyed all the thrills and  
pleasures of its romantic beauty.

Then like a flash she was back on the  
stage again. The makeup took so long to  
tell about and such a short time to  
effect when one's fingers are flying a  
deftly as were Miss Abarbanel's—  
she realized that one must be quick to  
catch a frivolous stage lover.

It was last Saturday that I saw Miss  
Abarbanel make up. Unlike most ac-  
tresses, the labor of two performances  
in one day did not weary her in the  
least. This is perhaps the reason:

When she returns to her dressing room  
after the matinee she removes all the  
cosmetic from her eyes and brows and  
most of the rouge off her lips, but does  
not disturb the rest of her "makeup."

Then she dresses and takes a tan-  
home, where she eats her dinner (which  
is on the table), then opens all the win-  
dows wide and goes to bed and sleeps  
until the last minute before she must  
start for the evening performance.

ELEANOR SCHORER.

I love to go out Riverside way, if it's  
only to watch the omnibuses with their  
load of loving youngsters so happily  
hugging each other on top! Some people  
think the benches are not roomy enough;  
that isn't the opinion of the boys and  
girls I've seen; the less room there is  
the better excuse they have for sitting  
close, not that they seem to need much  
"excuse," though, for young New York  
lovers don't care whether the public eye  
is upon them or not while they are con-  
ducting their springtime spoonings!

On the other hand, as a spectator, one  
feels inclined to apologize for being on  
the earth! Personally I am quite  
scared nowadays to ride outside the  
bus. Seats being built to accommo-  
date two I feel I have no business to  
occupy one alone.

Yesterday I was rash enough to  
storm a front seat by myself. All the  
others were full up.

I was perfectly happy, the cool breeze  
was making me dream of ocean trips,  
of spring frocks, of asparagus, of my  
hats, in fact every kind of springlike  
dream when, tingling, the bus  
stopped with a jerk. I woke up and  
bumped down to earth.

Two nice young people were waiting  
on the curb. "Only room for one on  
top," yelled the conductor.

Of course they turned away with a  
depressing gesture of disgust and we  
went on without them!

Well, after that happened half a

dozen times in four blocks I was a  
nervous wreck and had the uncomfort-  
able feeling of being the only false note  
in the spring song and that I'd better  
get down and walk. As I hopped off  
the stage the four couples who were  
packed inside the bus, started a race to  
see who'd get outside first. There was  
a bad jam in the doorway, and the  
conductor had to go to the rescue with  
a sardine opener to get them out.

There seems to be an unwritten code  
of etiquette for young lovers. For in-  
stance, they don't even "hold hands"  
inside the bus. Outside, however—well,  
as I've said before, watch them!

After due observation, I have also  
come to the conclusion that when you  
are occupying a crosswise seat on the  
elevated railway car it is quite correct  
to take forty winks with your head on  
your escort's shoulder, as he brings you  
home from the theatre; but, if you are  
sitting on the bench that runs length-  
ways with the car, you must sit up and  
"behave pretty," you must put your  
shoulders back and cast your eyes  
down, you mustn't even entwine little  
fingers unless you can make such  
goings-on under a coat or the muff  
placed between you.

In peacock alley I see that Miss New  
York has permission to sit as close to  
Master New York as she cares to. Those  
hug-me-tight chairs are very much in  
demand just now. But although they  
make goo-goo eyes at each other all the

afternoon (if the youngster has the  
nerve to star away from the office,  
that long) they keep their little hand-  
pawed demurely curled on their little  
knees. Evidently hand-holding is only  
indulged in unobtrusively when you ride  
on top of the "bus." In the little tea-  
shop, I believe they also do it, though,  
but with certain precautions. The tables  
are so cutely round and tip-across that  
they can reach out under the cloth and  
indulge in the great game while their  
tea grows stone cold and the ice-cream  
melts to a disgusting messiness! As you  
note the spooners on the benches all  
along Riverside Drive you think of the  
remark made by a terrible "young  
brother" when asked where his sister  
was "out with Tom," he answered,  
"they're sitting on the same stile, suck-  
ling the same acid drop!"

Here gum replaces the traditional  
acid drops, and America being a rich  
country, they can afford a piece each  
and don't have to share. Besides, if  
they did share, it's ten to one the man-  
in-blue would come down on them like  
a ton of bricks for immoral behavior,  
unless, of course, his attention was at-  
tracted elsewhere!

The elsewhere being youthful nurse  
maids who are positive menaces to pe-  
destrians just now since they never by  
any chance look where they are push-  
ing the baby carriages! It seems that  
they are troubled with the roving eye  
for anything wearing breeches from a  
shoeshack to the janitor's cousin up  
from the country to see New York,  
and, best of all, the man-in-blue.

What a pity it is that in a sensible

town like this the authorities build  
benches to seat five!

What a waste of space in springtime!  
Perhaps two pairs of loving young-  
sters may occupy the two extremes,  
but, tell me, who would have the cour-  
age to butt in on the fifth space?

And then who would have the cour-  
age to be No. 3 when young Master  
and Miss New York are in possession?

I for one, wouldn't have dared.

How can a youngster screw up his  
courage to the name-the-day mart  
when there's a lonely feline hunched  
on the other end of the seat?

At this time of the year it would be  
rather a good plan to have special  
buses and benches "for lovers only,"  
and then lovelorn souls would have a  
chance on those left to the general  
public. I don't think it would be ne-  
cessary to have more than 1 per cent.  
for un-lovers, since all young and middle-  
aged New York seems to be playing the  
great game.

I guess Dan Cupid works overtime in  
this city. He's got good material to  
work on too, for I don't think I have  
ever seen a more adorable little girl  
than young Miss New York, or nicer  
boys than young Master New York;

that is when they have learned to steer  
clear of too much powder and paint,  
ferry hose, anklets, ridiculous pointed  
collars, green plaid hats and—chewing  
gum. And even if they have such silly  
habits you must agree that they are  
"young and foolish," and that there is  
no better state than that in the whole  
wide span of one's existence.

STEG VILLARS.

## Cheer Up, Cuthbert!

By Clarence L. Cullen.

**THE Winner doesn't Stop Trying  
merely Because he Gets Tired!**

Intuition is a Pretty Good Proposition  
—after It has Received the Indorsement  
of Common Sense!

Auditors use up a Lot of Perfectly  
Good Erasers in Rubbing the Name of  
Precipitate Men off the Pay Roll!

The Boss admits that Frequently he  
Falls into an Unreasonable Humor, but  
he Says that he Likes to Have Em-  
ployees who will Indulge Him when he  
Gets That Way!

Thomas A. Edison has Been his Own  
Boss for about Forty-five Years now—  
but he Never Knows what Time it Is!

A Minister Past doesn't Necessarily  
have to Spoil a Promising Future!

Be Sure you're Right—and then  
Keep it to Yourself!

Capitalize Your Capabilities and let  
Conscience be the Underwriter!

Better to Wear Out than to Rust  
Out—always Remembering that Laugh-  
ter has Stood the Test of All the Ages  
as the Best Lubricant!

We've Known some mighty Soft-  
hearted Fellows who were called "Dis-

tastical" by People who Didn't Know  
Them!

If your Introspective Apparatus is  
Fitted with a Searchlight, you won't be  
Much Inclined to Criticize Others!

Sometimes, when we're on Pesti-  
cially Good Terms with Ourselves,  
we Discover that the Reason there-  
fore is that our Ambition is Taking  
a Nap!

Show me We Find it Difficult to  
Blame it on the Other Fellow when we  
Take a Good Comprehensive Glance at  
Ourselves in the Shaving Glass the  
Next Morning!

**A Cat to Rent.**

AND now cats have joined the mob  
of New York's rentable commodi-  
ties.

A bird store on upper Broadway has  
in its window the following sign, whose  
facts are as unique as its grammar:

Nancy, our Angora Cat.  
Who Cries Rats and Mice.  
For Rent by the Day or Week.

And, in the window, between two  
starfish and a snake box, appears Nancy  
herself, a tawny feline; to show the  
sign can make good.  
Rented flats, rented autos, rented even-  
ing dresses—and now rentable cats!